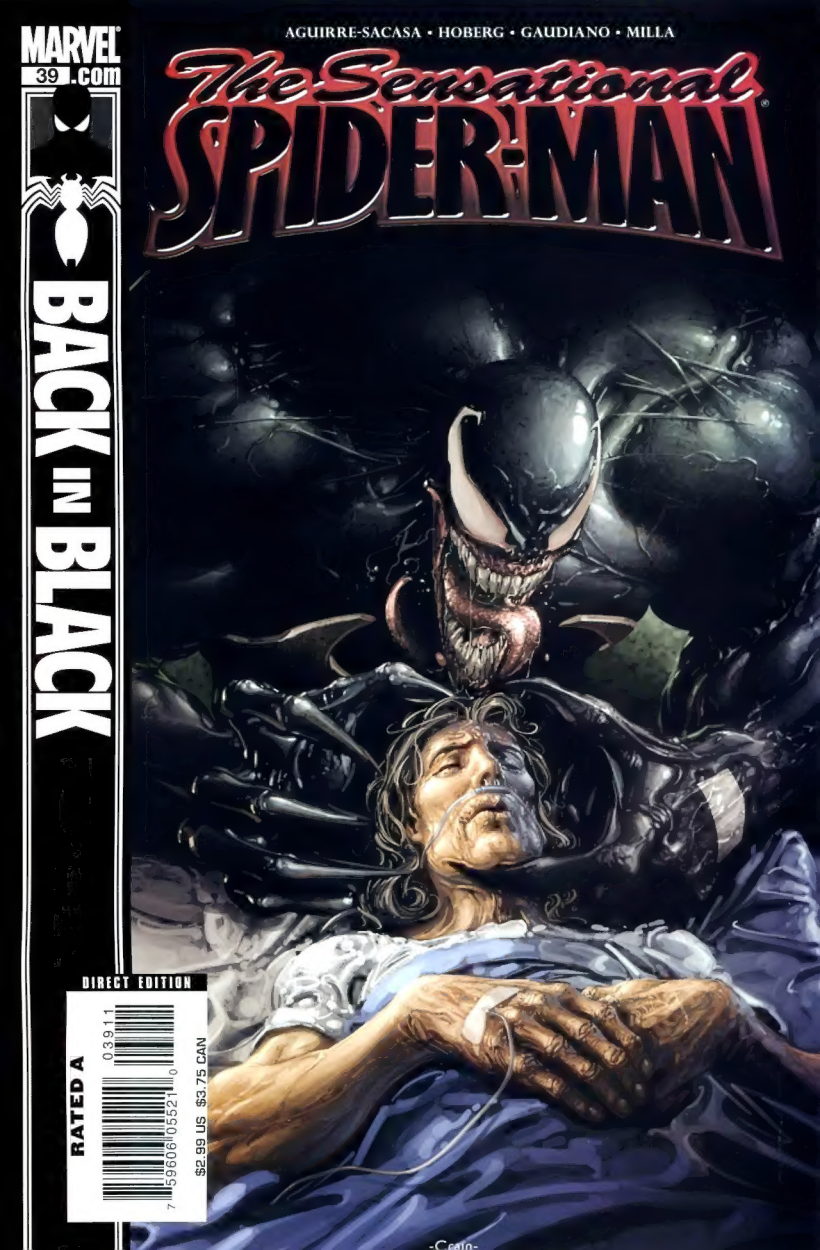
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The Sensational
SPIDER-MAN
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The Sensational SPIDER-MAN

After years of plaguing Spider-Man as the bloodthirsty villain Venom, Eddie Brock developed cancer beyond any hope of treatment. He gave up his past life, got rid of the alien costume that gave him his power, and retired to the terminal ward to live out his few remaining days. Deteriorating in health, life has become a sad waiting game for Eddie as he counts down what little time he has left. And yet, Eddie is not alone…the specter of the alien symbiote that shared his body still haunts him. Hungry for revenge on his enemy Spider-Man, Venom lives on in Eddie's mind, and won't let him rest in peace.

But luck has smiled on Eddie Brock.

When Peter Parker revealed his secret identity as Spider-Man to the world, an attempt was made on his life, and Peter's Aunt May was shot instead of him. Comatose, she barely clings to life…in the same hospital as Eddie. With Venom urging him on, Eddie dons a pathetic, store-bought imitation of his former black costume, and sets out to murder an innocent old woman.

Meanwhile, Peter Parker -- oblivious to Eddie's merciless plan -- struggles in vain to bring May back from the brink any way he can. In desperation, he's turned to the clairvoyant Madame Web to conduct a séance…

NEW YORK CITY.
ON THE BRINK.
USED TO BE...
I OWNED THE NIGHT...
"WE," DON'T YOU MEAN, EDDIE?
...
YES. "WE." USED TO BE, WE OWNED THE NIGHT...
YEAH, CHAMP, AND WE WILL AGAIN, STARTING TONIGHT, IN FACT.
NURSE RATCHED SHOULD BE MAKING HER ROUNDS...ANY MINUTE NOW, 'M'Z RIGHT?
Y-YES...
WELL, THEN, PARTNER!
PUT ON YOUR MASK AND SCUTTLE BACK DOWN TO YOUR ROOM...
The Last Temptation of EDDIE BROCK
PART 2 OF 2
ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA WRITER
RICK HOBERG BREAKDOWNS
STEFANO GAUDIANO FINISHES
CLAYTON CRAIN SEANCE ART
MATT MILLA COLORS
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS
CLAYTON CRAIN COVER
ALEJANDRO ARBONA ASSISTANT EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

"...AND REMEMBER, THIS ONE'S JUST PRACTICE. TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR NERVE."
MR. BROCK? TIME FOR YOUR MEDS, MR. BROCK.
WAKE UP, EDDIE--
WAKE...
...UP?
NOW WHERE DID YOU GO, ED--?
EDDIE ISN'T HERE ANYMORE...

M-MR. BROCK...
W-WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GETTING READY TO PLAY DOCTOR--
--AND STOP CALLING ME "EDDIE" AND "MR. BROCK."
P-PUT THAT SCALPEL D-D-D-D--
DOWN, NURSE SIMS?
PLEASE, MR. BROCK--
I TOLD YOU--
--THAT'S NOT MY NAME--
AAAAHEEE--

BRRRRRR
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
WHAT?
BRRRRRRRRRR
HEY, JERRY--
--TURN THAT OFF A SEC?
SURE THING.
BRRRRRRRRRR
RRR
CLICK
WHAT, TRISH? WHAT DID YOU HEAR?
I DON'T KNOW...
NOTHING NOW, BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE...

"...SOMEONE SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER."
PANT
PANT
PANT
WE-ELL? AND WHAT ARE WE *FEELING*? GUILT? REMORSE?
N-NO...
NO, THAT'S RIGHT. BECAUSE SHE *DESERVED* IT, DIDN'T SHE?
FOR INTERRUPTING YOUR SLEEP AS OFTEN AS SHE DID...FOR TAKING YOUR BLOOD AND ALWAYS MISSING YOUR *VEINS*...FOR THE CONDESCENDING *PITY* IN HER EYES WHENEVER SHE LOOKED YOUR WAY...
Y-YES...

OH, GOODY. FEELS LIKE SOMEBONE'S GOTTEN THEIR TASTE FOR KILLING BACK.
BUT MAY PARKER...
IS GUILTY OF RAISING THE MAN WHO DESTROYED EVERYTHING THAT WAS GOOD IN YOUR LIFE--
--(EVERYTHING BUT ME)--
--SO DON'T START WAFFLING NOW, ED-DIE.
NO... ...I WON'T.
GOOD BOY. STEADY EDDIE...
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR.

NOW CLEAN UP THAT MESS YOU MADE SO WE'RE READY.
SOMETHING TELLS ME--
"--THERE'S ONLY GONNA BE ONE WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE THE OLD BIDDY WHAT SHE'S BEGGING FOR."
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO, AUNT MAY.
WHERE ELSE TO TURN...
OFFICIALLY, I'M NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE HERE. I'M STILL A FUGITIVE, ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST WANTED...
(AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY.)
MOST OF THE PEOPLE I WOULD NORMALLY ASK FOR HELP...
...MOST OF THEM ARE DEALING WITH THEIR OWN STUFF.
SO IT'S JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS:
ME, GRASPING AT STRAWS...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'D SAY, TOO, ABOUT MY PLAN.
"A SÉANCE? HEAVENS, PETER, LET IT BE. I'LL WAKE UP WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY."
BUT THE TRUTH IS...
...THAT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN, AUNT MAY.
I DON'T THINK SO. THE DOCTORS DON'T THINK SO...
...
I'M GONNA GO NOW, AUNT MAY, BUT I'LL JUST BE DOWNSTAIRS, OKAY?
...
SEE YOU IN A BIT, CRAZY LADY.
With all the equipment keeping her alive, May's room is too CROWDED for us to convene there...

So we gather in a lounge behind the hospital's chapel.
Me and my AMAZING friends...
Felicia Hardy--the Black Cat--is keeping watch, outside.
(This late, the lounge shouldn't get many visitors, but you never know...)
Which leaves, for the actual seance
Me and Mary Jane, of course...
HOW'S SHE DOING?
THE SAME, NO CHANGE.
OR, IF ANYTHING... MAY LOOKS WORSE, MJ.
Madame Web our med um...
JOIN HANDS; CLOSE YOUR EYES.
IMAGINE A CURRENT OF ENERGY PASSING FROM THE PERSON ON YOUR LEFT, THROUGH YOUR HANDS, INTO YOUR BODY...
Anna Watson, MJ's aunt, finally WADING into the mess I've made of our lives...
AND YOU WANT US TO CONCENTRATE ON A...A PERSONAL MEMORY, IS THAT RIGHT? OF WHEN WE FELT CLOSEST TO MAY?
Madame Web nods, and...

...It's not ELECTRO-level intensity, but I DO feel something crackling around the table...
PASSING through us, from palm to palm...
Madame Web is whispering something, chanting...
(Is that ever ENGLISH?)
I don't know what everyone else is focused on, but I'm remembering...
The night it happened.
Standing in front of our house together.
The ambulance and police cars in our driveway...
May is still alive, so we're not trying to "cross over" to the "other side," we're just...trying to LOCATE her consciousness...

Which may be hiding in MEMORY. Madame Web told us. In an individual memory or a COLLECTIVE memory...
Any ONE of us could find her, apparently...
...but I'm really hoping it's--
WHOA.
There we are, clutching each other, CRYING, holding on for dear life...
God, we look so. YOUNG. Not just me. May, too...
THANK YOU, PETER. THAT'S A NICE COMPLIMENT.
AUNT MAY?
IN SOME WAYS, I DON'T THINK I EVER MOVED BEYOND THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT...
HELLO, DEAR.
COME TO SAY GOODBYE?

SAY GOODBYE?
AUNT MAY, I CAME TO BRING YOU BACK.
PETER?
HE'S MADE CONTACT--
KEEP CONCENTRATING--
MAINTAIN THE CIRCLE--
PETER...
I DON'T WANT TO COME BACK.
WHAT?
I'M TIRED, PETER...
AND I'VE BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD...
TOO, TOO MANY TIMES.
AUNT MAY, ARE YOU...
...SORRY, BUT ARE YOU GIVING UP?
I WAS SHOT, PETER.
EVEN IF I WANTED TO "COME BACK," AS YOU SAY...
"I DON'T THINK MY BODY WOULD LET ME..."

THAT BULLET WAS MEANT FOR ME, MAY. I CAN'T--
--I WON'T--
--LET YOU DIE IN MY PLACE.
OH, BUT PETER...
...HOW MANY YEARS WOULD I HAVE HAD LEFT? HM?
AND IF THAT BULLET HAD STRUCK YOU, AND YOU WERE WHERE I AM...
...THINK OF ALL THE GOOD THAT WOULD GO UNDONE.
NO, I WON'T--
--I CAN'T--
--ACCEPT THAT.
AH, BUT YOU HAVE TO. AND YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT COUNT.
WHAT?
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

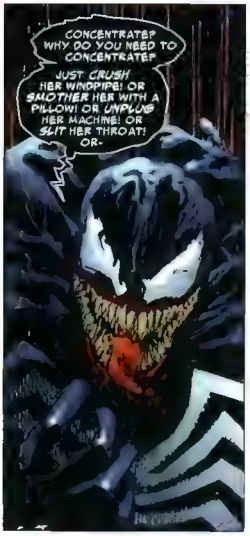
MEANTIME...
HELLO?
SHE'S IN A COMA, ED--DIE, SHE CAN'T ANSWER YOU--
NOW HURRY UP HURRYUP HURRYUP--

WHAT?
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
N-NOTHING.

"...NOTHING AT ALL."
AUNT MAY...
AUNT MAY, WAIT.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'S IN THAT HOUSE?
LISTEN TO ME, PETER...
GROW OLD WITH YOUR WIFE.
THE WAY YOUR UNCLE BEN DID WITH ME.
AUNT MAY, WHAT'S...?
NO-- BEHIND YOU--
HAVE MANY, MANY CHILDREN.
LET THEM BRING YOU AS MUCH LOVE AND JOY AS YOU BROUGHT ME.
AUNT MAY-- WAIT--
DON'T--
GOODBYE, PETER--

AUNT MAY--!
SLAM!
AUNT MAYAUNTMAY AUNTMAY--
PETER?
NO! CONCENTRATE
GONE. SHE'S--
AND THE DOOR'S LOCKED!
WHAT DOOR? PETER?
IT IS ENDED. THE ENERGIES ARE DRAINING--
AUNT MAY!
POUND! POUND! POUND!
AUNT... MAY...
"ED-DIE!"

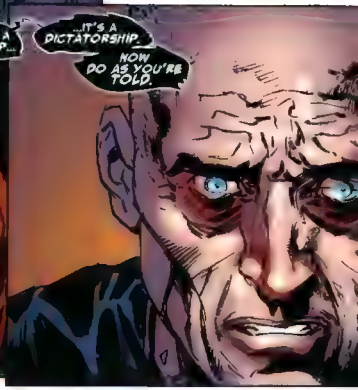
WHY ISN'T SHE DEAD YET?
SHUT UP. I'M TRYING TO--
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE!


CONCENTRATE? WHY DO YOU NEED TO CONCENTRATE?
JUST CRUSH HER WINDPIPE! OR SMOTHER HER WITH A PILLOW! OR UNPLUG HER MACHINE! OR SLIT HER THROAT! OR-

SHUT--UP!!!!
SHUTUPSHUTUP SHUTUPSHUTUP SHUTUP!

OOOOOH, TOUCHY-TOUCHY...
LET ME THINK--
YOU'RE NOT--
LETTING ME--
THINK--

THINK? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, EDDIE, HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED?
THIS ISN'T A PARTNERSHIP...

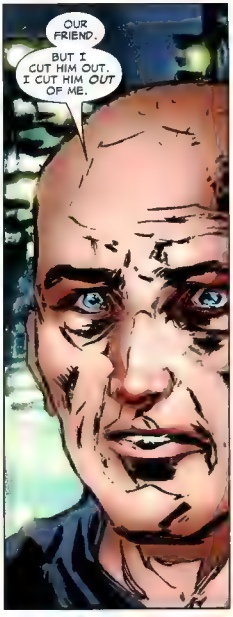

...IT'S A DICTATORSHIP.
NOW DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

SO THEY CALL YOU BLACK CAT BECAUSE...?
BLACK BODYSUITS.
LOTS AND LOTS OF BLACK BODYSUITS.
PETER...?
I SAW HER, MJ. I TALKED TO HER.
WHEREVER SHE IS...
HER MIND. LOCKED IN THE RECESSES OF HER MIND.
MAYBE. BUT...SHE WASN'T ALONE. THERE WERE MEMORIES, YES, BUT ALSO...
...I DON'T KNOW, MADAME WEB, BUT SOMETHING ELSE WAS WITH HER.
HMM.
WHAT DID YOUR AUNT SAY TO YOU? WHEN YOU TALKED?
SHE WAS TELLING ME IT WAS OKAY THAT--
--WAIT. ONE SECOND.
My spider-sense.
PETER?
SOMETHING'S WRONG--
MAY? AUNT MAY?

SHE'S ALL RIGHT, PETER.
HE WANTED ME TO HURT HER, BUT...I WOULDN'T.
THE NURSE, YES... BUT NOT SOMEONE AS INNOCENT AND GOOD AS YOUR AUNT IS.
EDDIE?
WHO WANTED YOU TO HURT MAY?

HE WAS INSIDE ME, ALL ALONG...
I THOUGHT I COULD GET RID OF HIM, BUT HE WAS INSIDE, ALL THE TIME...

WHO? WHO ARE WE TALKING ABOUT HERE, EDDIE?


OUR FRIEND.
BUT I CUT HIM OUT. I CUT HIM OUT OF ME.

LOOK.
LOOK HOW I CUT HIM OUT
OH, MY GOD, EDDIE--
I'VE DONE TERRIBLE THINGS, PETER--
EDDIE--
BUT I'M NOT A TERRIBLE PERSON--

FORGIVE ME.
THWIP!
THWIP!

HUHN--!!
WHAT--!!
I'M...?
...ALIVE STILL?
OH, YES. HE SAVED YOU.
CAUGHT YOU WITH HIS WEB AND STOPPED YOU FROM GOING ALL SPLAT!!
YOU...
YOU'RE...?
OH, YEAH. I'M STILL HERE. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE, ED-DIE.
...FINE. FINE WITH ME.
NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO'S IN CHARGE.
END.

NEXT ISSUE

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